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"WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, DOT," BERTRAND SAID. A STIFFED CRY CAME FROM THE GIRL'S THROAT.

THE HEART OF FIRE; OR, MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER. A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER V. WIRT'S DEVICE.

Wirt followed the directions of his friend and looked across the street. As Kelford had said, the girl had left the window. In the back of the store she was hidden from view.

"She will go home soon?"

"Yes," Kelford replied, "she has worked later than usual to-night. She generally starts for home about nine."

"Where does she live?"

"Across the river, on the west side, in Halstead street near Madison."

"What is your object in watching her go home?"

"First, for the pleasure of looking at her. You've no idea how prettily she trips along the street; and, secondly, because fate may throw in my way, on her homeward path, a chance to become better acquainted with her."

Wirt looked inquiringly.

"It is just possible that some drunken fellow coming from one of the saloons some night, and seeing her—a young and pretty girl—alone and unprotected, may offer her insult."

"Ah, I see," cried his companion. "In that case you will come to the rescue, floor the ruffian, offer the lady your arm, and see her safely to her own door, thereby becoming acquainted with her, and perhaps receiving an invitation to call upon her at some future time?"

"Exactly!" laughed the lover.

"Well, upon my soul, you are the queerest of lovers. You are actually wishing that your lady-love should be insulted by some ruffian!"

"But you understand the reason why, do you not?"

"What a pity that fate can't send the fellow, and give you a chance to accomplish your design. But, by Jove, I've got it!" cried Wirt. "Look at me," and he pulled his black felt hat down over one eye in a rakish manner. "I'm the ruffian!"

Kelford stared at his friend in astonishment, and shook his head. "It's a failure, Wirt; you don't look like a rough."

"Well, a Wabash avenue sport on a 'tear.' How is that?"

"Very good; but, your plan?"

"To lay in wait in some dark spot on Madison street till the girl comes along; then pretend to be a little 'how come you so,' and speak to her. You can be right behind her; step up; I'll apologize; you can offer the lady your arm, gallivant her home, and win her eternal gratitude."

Kelford could not help laughing as Wirt developed his idea.

"I've a mind to try your plan."

"That's right!" cried Wirt, who dearly loved a joke. "If my memory serves me, there's a rather dark block about this time of the night, just after you pass Desplaine street. That will suit our purpose excellently. I'll just wait here until the girl comes out, so that I can see what sort of a

CHAPTER VI. A TIGER THAT SHEDS ITS SKIN.

As Bertrand Tasnor looked in the mirror that hung on the wall before him, and saw reflected there the glittering knife and the upraised hand of the woman ready to strike him, he felt that he was higher death than he had ever been before in all his stormy career. Cold drops of sweat started out in big beads upon his forehead; he seemed petrified with horror; his limbs were powerless. In the glass he saw clearly the fierce blue eyes of the girl, now tinged black with passion.

The suspense lasted but a moment, although it seemed hours to the threatened man.

The girl saw that, by the aid of the looking-glass, her position was revealed to the stranger.

Quick as thought the expression of her face changed; the tiger became a woman.

With a low, musical laugh, she tossed the knife over the bar; the weapon struck the floor with a heavy clang.

The noise seemed to dissolve the spell that had fettered with its magic power the iron limbs of Bertrand. He wheeled around in his chair and faced the woman, who now stood smiling sweetly in his face. The pupil of the eye had contracted again, and naught could be read there but peace and gentleness.

"Only a joke, sir," she said, in the low, sweet voice that was so full of liquid music. "I only wished to see if you could be frightened easily. I knew that you could see me in the glass. It was a foolish thing for me to do, but I could not resist the impulse. I hope you will forgive me, sir." And she dropped a low courtesy as she spoke.

The landlord behind the bar, who had been transfixed by amazement at this strange scene, shook his head and muttered to himself.

"Cuss me, ef I didn't think the gal had gone crazy, an' was a goin' for to stick him right in the back. Ef she had, he'd never knowed what hurt him, for Lurlie's got an arm just like steel, little as it is," he said.

"A joke, eh?" said Bertrand, coolly. All traces of his late terror had disappeared. He surveyed the face of the beautiful, golden-haired sprite before him. There was a peculiar look in his dark eyes, but it was not curiosity that shone therein.

"Yes, sir, only a joke."

"Ah!" Now there was a peculiar sound in the voice of the ex-Confederate captain. The "ah" sounded like a sneer.

"You are very brave, sir," said the girl, looking cunningly in the face of the stranger, and trying the whole effect of her magnificent eyes upon him.

Few men had ever looked into the face of the woman, called Lurlie Casper, without loving her. But the stranger seemed insensible to the play of the passionate eyes.

"Do you think so?" said Bertrand, carelessly, and looking into her blue eyes with as much unconcern as if they had been of

colored glass. The subtle magnetism of the orbs was evidently thrown away upon the steel-nerved stranger.

"Yes, you did not move at all; you did not even wink. You must have looked death in the face many times to see it apparently so near without fear," and the girl came nearer to Bertrand, and rested her arm on the back of his chair.

Possibly it was because I hardly had time to realize that I was in danger. Who would expect danger to come from a fair little hand like this one?" and Bertrand took one of Lurlie's hands within his own.

The girl shuddered, despite herself, when the bronzed hand of the "ex-Road Agent" closed over her taper fingers. She felt as if grasped by a corpse. A sickening sensation of fear crept over her soul. Her heart was chilled with terror, yet it was a heart of fire, where passion's flame burnt unchecked and unrestrained. The white eyelids, fringed by the long, golden lashes, came down on the pale cheeks.

A look of fierce joy—of triumph—glared in the full, dark eyes of Bertrand as he noticed this agitation.

"What's the matter, little one? Your hand trembles in mine," he said, in his usual cold, impassive way.

"Your hand is so cold; it is like ice," she answered, withdrawing her own from his grasp.

"A cold hand, eh?" of some steel and steel.

"That signifies that I have a warm heart—you know the saying?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in it?"

"I do not know."

The girl seemed strangely ill at ease.

"What do you think?" Bertrand was curious.

"I have never thought about it," she said, simply.

Ah, that is because you are so young; when you are older—when you fall in love with some dashing young fellow—then you may think about it; and mind, remember my words, a cold hand and a warm heart always go together." As Bertrand spoke he watched the face of the girl, covertly, not so she could detect his watching; watched her as eagerly as the eagle does the quarry that he is about to swoop down upon.

His words seemed to lift a weight from the mind of the girl. She breathed easier, and a quick flash of delight passed rapidly over her face. The keen eye of Bertrand caught the expression, and an odd smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"How old do you think I am?" she asked.

"It is hard for me to guess," he said, slowly; "the age of a woman is so difficult to guess sometimes. Why, I have met women of thirty-four who did not look a day older than a girl of eighteen."

Again the look of fear came over Lurlie's face as Bertrand spoke. Yet he uttered the words carelessly, as if he attached no particular meaning to them. But, again, the peculiar smile was on his face as he noted the effect of his words. The shot that he had aimed had struck home.

"But," continued Bertrand, "I should think that you were about eighteen, or perhaps not as old as that. Am I right?"

"Yes," she said. Again his words had lifted the shadow from her being that his former speech had cast there.

"I thought I could guess your age correctly."

"You do not feel angry with me for my joke with the knife?" she said.

"Angry with you? Of course not," he replied, quickly.

"I am glad of that, for I have taken quite a fancy to you, and of course I wish to be friends with you," and she looked up into his face again with the blue eyes, now so mild in their tenderness.

"Oh, we are friends—the best of friends," Bertrand said, smoothly; but there was a metallic ring in his voice that grated harshly on the ear of the girl.

The secret instincts of her soul told her that, despite his fair words, Bertrand Tasnor was an enemy and no friend to her.

"Let us be better acquainted," she said, in her simple way. "My name is Lurlie Casper; what is yours?"

"My name?" said Bertrand, with a peculiar look upon his handsome features.

"Yes, you do not mind my knowing it?"

"No, of course not. My name is Gilbert Smith."

The blue eyes cast a quick glance at him from under their golden lashes, but he did not seem to notice it; he, whose quick eye nothing escaped.

Bertrand drank his ale at a single draught.

"Now," he said, rising, "I should like to see my room. I am pretty well tired out, and shall sleep to-night."

The tiger look was in the blue eyes of the girl, as he spoke, but in a second it faded out.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Rick!"

In answer to her call a hunchback boy entered the room—a wee, little fellow, with a withered-up face and an attenuated form. Though puny and feeble in body, he apparently was not so badly off in mind, for the little yellow-gray eyes, that peeped out from the hood and hung low down on the forehead, had a gleam of intelligence in them.

"Rick," said the girl, "show this gentleman to No. 10."

"Yes, missus," said the boy, in a shrill and feeble voice. Then he held the door open for the stranger to pass through.

"Good-night, Miss Lurlie; I shall see you in the morning," said Bertrand, moving toward the door.

"Yes," the girl answered, a strange expression upon her features.

"Well, good-night, Dot," Bertrand said. A stifled cry came from the girl's throat; she reeled, and but for the support of Bertrand's arm, who sprang to her side, she would have fallen.

"What's the matter?" he asked, apparently astonished at the girl's sudden faintness; yet there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes that did not suit with his words.

"A sudden faintness—that is all," Lurlie murmured, with blanched lips. "What did you call me?" she asked, slowly.

"Why, Dot; you are a dot of a girl, you know," Bertrand said, with a frank and open air.

"I felt faint, just as you spoke; I—I did not hear what you said exactly, but I fancied that you called me by some other name than my own of Lurlie." The face of the girl, as she spoke, was as white as the face of one dead.

"It was only a fancy of mine, that's all. Good-night," Bertrand left the room, followed by the boy, a smile of triumph on his face.

The landlord had watched all with a curious eye.

"He knows me, father! He will be my ruin!" Lurlie cried, with flashing eyes.

CHAPTER VII. GUARDING AGAINST THE BLOW.

Bertrand followed his odd-looking guide, Rick, up-stairs. The hunchback carried in his hand a small coal-oil lamp, the light from which illuminated the entry, though but dimly.

As Bertrand followed up the creaky stairway strange thoughts were in his mind.

"Have I acted prudently," he muttered, to himself, with an overcast brow; "prudently?" and a smile curled the corners of his mouth. "That's a strange word to come from the lips of Captain Death, as my poor fellows out in the mines used to call me. But now I am not in Colorado or Montana, but in Chicago; here I will not meet open force from my foes, but secret cunning. Was it wise then to let this golden-haired devil—for she is one—see that I had guessed her secret? I could not resist the impulse to call her by the old, old name. If she does know me—if that's folly; she knew me the moment she looked in my face. I could see it in her eyes, and by my cursed carelessness I have let her see that I, too, remember as well as she. I am in danger, then; now to prepare to meet it. I am in a trap here; she has all the advantages. I need allies. Where can I find them?" And as he asked the question, Rick, the hunchback boy, who had reached a turning in the narrow stairway, stopped and flashed the light full in the face of Bertrand.

"Look here, mister; there is a hole in the stairs here," and he pointed to it as he spoke. "If you ain't keeful, maybe you'll put your foot into it."

Bertrand mentally said to himself that he had probably "put his foot into it"—as the saying is—when he had entered the door of the Kanakkee House.

"All right, my lad; I'll look out for it, so go ahead, Rick," he answered, to the boy's warning.

A gleam of pleasure flashed across the face of the hunchback when the stranger called him by name.

"How did you know what folks called me?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Why, didn't I hear the lady call you by name, and an odd one it is too?" Bertrand answered.

"So you did; look out for the hole, mister." The boy again went on up the stairway.

"I asked for allies, and fate has sent them to me, or at least sent one ally, and perhaps, in this case, this one may be worth a dozen," murmured Bertrand, as he followed the boy.

"This little fellow has a shrewd eye in his head; he's no fool, ugly as he is. Perhaps we'll have the old fable of the mouse and the lion over again? I will play the lion in the net of the hunters, and this lad, who, like Atlas, carries a world on his shoulders, shall be the little, nibbling mouse to gnaw the cords and set the captive free. But, first, I must win him to my side. That will not be a hard task. The devil, who seems to have presided at my birth, and since followed my fortunes faithfully, gave me the subtle gift of fascination. I have won strong men to peril life and limb for me, delicate and lovely women to give up home and friends and follow my desperate fortunes, and this hunchback boy shall be my follower, too. By his aid I'll baffle this beautiful being, who has the face of Venus and the heart of Pluto. She will seek my life, I am sure of it, now that she knows who I am. She knows well enough that I have a good memory, and seldom let my debts of vengeance go unpaid. So, to prevent me from striking her, she will strive to be the first in the field and strike me."

Bertrand's musings were brought to a sudden end by the shrill voice of the hunchback. The boy threw open a door on the landing at the head of the stairs.

"This is your room, mister," he said.

Bertrand entered, the boy followed, and placed the light on the table.

The room that the two entered was small. In one corner was a little bed, the mattress covered only with coarse, gray blankets. A common little table, holding a tin can of water and a basin, with a single chair, comprised the furniture of the apartment.

A small window by the head of the bed looked out upon the darkness of the night.

Bertrand cast a glance around the room, then turned his attention to the boy.

"Well, Rick, this isn't the Sherman House, is it?" he said, in a cheery tone, seating himself carelessly on the foot of the bed, as he spoke.

"Not much, you bet!" replied the boy, emphatically.

"What does this window look out on?"

"The back yard."

"Let me see," said Bertrand, reflectively; "we are on the second-story, ain't we?"

"Yes, the second above the saloon," the boy answered.

"How far is it from that window to the ground?"

"Forty foot."

"Into the yard?"

"Yes."

"Any dog in the yard?"

"Yes, a big bull-dog—such a rouser."

"I suppose he would attack any stranger in the yard?"

"You bet!" cried Rick, decidedly.

"He 'bout gobbled up a country chap from Peoria t'other night, wot got out there."

"What's his name?"

"Pete; but 'tain't no use fur any one fur to call him, 'cos if he don't know 'em he'd only fly at 'em ten times worse," said Rick.

Bertrand laughed quietly at the boy's speech. He saw that the quick-witted lad, who was not near as great a fool as he looked, had guessed the reason why he wished to know the name of the dog.

"You are bright, my lad, to guess a man's thoughts so quickly."

The boy smiled at the compliment.

Kind words were rare to him.

"Is there any other door to this room?" Bertrand asked.

The boy hesitated a moment before he answered the question.

"No, mister," he said, at length.

"He is lying now," Bertrand said to himself. "I must win his confidence."

"By the way, Rick, I'm thirsty; can you get me about a pint of ale?" he said, aloud, and taking a ten-cent "stamp" from his pocket-book.

"Yes, mister," Rick took the money and left the room.

After the door closed behind the hunchback, Bertrand rose and commenced an examination of the apartment. Carefully he scrutinized all the walls.

"The boy was speaking truth, after all," he said, when he had completed his search, and stood leaning on the table; "there is no other door, yet I could have sworn that he was speaking falsely. But, let me examine this door."

A single glance showed him that it had a stout bolt upon it. He closed it and shot the bolt into its socket. It held, the door firmly.

"Nothing wrong about that," he said; "no other door, either, and this one can't be forced without making some noise. I can't understand it," he said, softly and thoughtfully. "I have a presentiment that, if I go to sleep upon that bed to-night, I shall wake either in heaven or in the lower place—most probably the latter, if the doctrines that the ministers preach be true. But, to murder me my assassin must first get into the room—get into it without alarming me—for the assassin that will seek my life knows that it is my custom to go armed; but now I haven't even a pen-knife upon me. One by one I have parted with my weapons that I might live. My bowie-knife kept me two days, my revolver a whole week, and now I am in the hands of the Philistines, helpless. But my foe doesn't know that I am weaponless. The game will be to enter this room without waking me; how can that be done?"

For a few minutes Bertrand puzzled over the question. His eyes wandered around the walls seeking an answer.

"By Jove! I have it!" he cried, at last. "No door in the wall, but perhaps a trap-door in the floor. Now for another search."

Bertrand examined the floor thoroughly, even moving the bed from its place, but no dark lines denoting the presence of a trap-door met his eye. He knitted his brows in anger. "Captain Death did not like to be beaten."

"Ah, this puzzles me!" he exclaimed; "the walls do not conceal a secret entrance, nor the floor; perhaps the ceiling may."

But the low, whitewashed ceiling that met his eye was as free from suspicious circumstances as the wall or floor.

"Bah! I am baffled!" he cried, a tinge of anger in his voice; then he resumed his former seat on the foot of the bed.

The boy thought, may know, and if so, he shall speak."

Hardly had the words died away when Rick entered with a pitcher of ale and a glass.

"Only one glass?" cried Bertrand, as the boy closed the door after depositing the articles on the table.

"One!" exclaimed the hunchback, in astonishment; "why, you don't want to drink out of two glasses at the same time, do you, mister?"

"No, the other glass is for you, my little man," replied Bertrand.

"What! me drink with you?" Rick cried, in amazement.

"Of course," Bertrand filled up the glass, and offered it to the boy. "Come, drink."

"Arter you, mister," said Rick, delighted at the honor.

"No, you first. I am the host, you the guest, and should drink first!" exclaimed Bertrand.

The hunchback drained the glass.

Bertrand watched him keenly.

"And now tell me, is there not some secret way of getting into this room?"

"Yes," answered the hunchback, in a whisper.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

TO HER.

BY ST. JOHN.

Now quiet, alone, with my own heart communing,
Darling, at peace, at my window I sit;
Slowly the hours are the midnight consuming,
High in the East the dark mountains are looming,
Over them all the dear star-flowers are blooming,
And fair are the visions that carelessly flit.

Oh, darling! my thoughts are of you, and the glory
That springs from your eyes, the pure soul's true
reflection;
Of the love which I bear you, so blessed and holy,
Of the heart that I gave you completely and wholly,
Of the strength of my manhood given up to you
solely,
Of the joys that will follow in glad introspection!

Dear loved one! Not words can interpret the passion

That surges and beats 'gainst my heart like strong

waves!

No pen can find hand that will write its expression,
No pencil can give it its fadeless impression,
No voice, in an anguish of contrite confession,
Is sublimer in depth than the love my heart pays!

See, darling! oh, see! the morning's first glances!

The subtle of night flies untraced away!

The bright star of day in great glory advances,
'Tis the star of our love, in my conquering fancies:
Now, the sun of fruition, with myriad lances,
And the morn of affection melts into the day!

\$50,000 Reward:

OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "MASKED MINER," "UNDER MALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GLEAM OF A KNIFE.

LADY MAUD started back and endeavored

to shrink away as poor Sadie Sayton

fell at her feet, and clasping her arms

around her form, moaned out:

"Oh, pity me—pity me! Oh, say that

you have come to release me!"

"Why, why, my child, what is the matter?

Do not be alarmed," continued the woman, in a milder tone and gentler voice

than she had used for years.

"Oh, madam! I want to go away from

here. I am dying for air, and—and—I

am so wretched!" and as the tears fell

from her eyes, she clung to the Lady Maud

more closely than ever.

The woman seemed more confused than

ever, and then a soft shade grew over her

naturally hard countenance. Despite the

low light burning in the chandelier, she

could see the sad, appealing face of the poor

girl distinctly enough to let her know that

there was much heart-suffering showing

there.

But the Lady Maud answered not a

word. There was a storm of wild emo-

tion in her bosom. She was remembering

other and happier days—she was recalling

vividly other scenes of the past, when she

was a—

"But, nonsense!" And by an effort she

crushed down the thoughts which were rising

up and choking her.

When she spoke again her voice was

stern and harsh.

"Come, come, none of this nonsense

around me, miss! We took you in when

when—you seemed to be homeless, and

when you are well enough you shall go.

That's all."

"But—but—my dear madam, I—I—

am not sick and—yet—I feel faint!" moaned

Sadie, as she suddenly tottered to her

feet, and sunk down on the bed.

"Yes, you are sick!" said the woman,

at the same time drawing near and seating

herself by the bed; "and you must keep

quiet until the physician comes; he has

been sent for."

Sadie groaned, and buried her fair face

in the pillow.

The Lady Maud glanced at her covertly,

and despite the recent change in her fea-

tures and in her voice, a shade of sorrow—

of yearning—lingered on her brow.

But she did not speak.

At length the girl turned her face to-

ward her visitor, and, oh, how sad and

touching was that face! She reached out

one of her small, round hands, and laid it

fearfully, tremblingly upon one of Lady

Maud's.

"I—I am all alone in this great city,"

she murmured; "almost alone in the wide

world. I have no one to befriend me here.

And—and—I know it! I am the victim

of some evil-disposed person or persons.

Oh, madam, I never dreamed of sin, and—

and—you are of my sex! You have a

heart in your bosom. Oh, pity me! pity

my youth, pity my misfortune, and save—

save me from dishonor!"

"Dishonor, child? You speak wildly.

What have you to fear here?" and she

gazed Sadie in the face, though she started.

The poor maiden answered not; she

simply glanced around the room at the

warm-tinted paintings hanging on the

walls; and then she carried her eyes back

to the face of the Lady Maud.

Despite all she could do that woman let

drop her own gaze, and a half shudder crept

over her frame.

But she quickly rallied, and said, in a

cold, heartless tone:

"You are prudish, girl; your rearing

has been faulty. And—I can not help

you!"

"Can not help me?" exclaimed Sadie,

vehemently, sitting up on her elbow—her

face paling, and her eyes starting from her

head. "Oh, then you, admit my fears are

well-grounded! you admit that I am en-

trapped, and that I stand in need of help!

Oh, God, stand by me!" and she sunk back

slowly on the bed again.

Lady Maud turned quickly to her, and

laid her hand upon the girl's fair tresses.

"I tell you, my child, be not alarmed.

I know your history, at least, partially: I

know that you came hither seeking a false

lover—nay, do not interrupt me—I know

that you now distrust this lover yourself.

That man is false to you! He loves an-

other—a poor, beggarly girl—a common

thing—one forced to act upon the boards

for the bread she eats! You, my child, are

young and beautiful; you can do better;

you can have a richer sutor if you wish!"

And as she spoke she gazed intently into

the fair face, shaded with its shining aure-

ole, before her.

Sadie did not answer; she seemed stupe-

fied, and she lay with her great blue eyes

staring meaninglessly at the ceiling. She

seemed scarcely to breathe.

Lady Maud still gazed at her, but would

not interrupt the trooping thoughts, so dark

and hideous, which were rioting through

that young bosom.

She watched every quiver of the thin

nostril—every twitching of the compressed

lips, and she almost held her breath as

she awaited the violent emotions to find

vent and relief in words.

And Sadie still stared at the ceiling, and

gradually the blood flowed away from her

cheeks—then from her lips. A deadly

pallor stole over her face, and then, as a

low, anguished sigh moaned forth from her

bosom, the girl's eyes slowly closed; and

then, indeed, breathing seemed to cease.

Sadie had swooned.

Lady Maud suddenly arose to her feet,

and leaned over her. Then she placed

her hand upon her bosom, over the heart.

The woman started.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is—

is—she dead!" and then quickly leaning

over, she placed her ear upon the almost

pulseless breast.

Eagerly she listened for a moment, and

then she raised her head. A smile was

upon her face—one of satisfaction, almost of

joy.

"No! no!" she muttered, "she lives,

and, poor thing, she must have air!" she

said.

She stepped immediately to the door, and

gently opened it. The cool current swept

into the warm, stifling room, rushed over

the pallid face, and fanned back the wav-

ing, clustering hair.

The Lady Maud returned to the bed, and

undid the fastenings around the throat

of the poor girl—unbuttoned the tightly-

fitting body, and spread open the snowy bo-

some, that the cool air might have full

play.

As the woman placed her hand in the

bosom to draw aside the clothing, she start-

ed and drew back.

She had dislodged from its hiding-place

a small, slender, pearl-handled dagger.

Lady Maud took it up, glanced at it, and

held it up in the light.

A dark smile—one of triumph—crept

over her face, and she quickly unsheathed

the bright blade, and gripped the handle

more firmly. She bent over the girl, and

gazed down almost gloatingly upon the

swelling bosom, so splendid—so glorious

in its dead-white beauty, showing in the

pale light.

"Would it not be well to send this dag-

ger down deep into this stainless bosom? I

know where the heart is! Then indeed she

would be safe from all harm. Poor girl,

from my heart I pity her; and I would

shield her from this monster! This, this

is the only way!"

She suddenly drew back the knife, until

the bright blade flashed in the light.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Give me the proof of this!" she gasped. "Give me the proof, or I'll brand you as a coward and a falsifier!"

Her eyes fairly blazed with angry lightning as she uttered the words above, nor did she remove her scintillating orbs from Wildfern's face.

The man sat upright at her vehemence, and the look of brutish admiration on his face grew intense. But then he smiled again, scornfully, as he said:

"Methinks, my pretty one, you do not need much proof after what you beheld last night through the window of the old house! Ha! ha! You see, my girl, I know every thing!"

Sadie again shrank away. There was, indeed, but a faint hope that other proof of her lover's faithfulness would be required. She had not forgotten the sight she had seen in the house in Catherine street; she had not forgotten that in that house, so lonely, so deserted-like, she had seen Allan Hill holding in his arms a strange girl.

She shuddered, and her bosom heaved wildly; but she controlled herself as she said, in a low, decided tone:

"And yet, I must have other proof. Like me, he may have been the victim of design. No, no, man! I'll not distrust him. I know he is true to me still!"

Wildfern paused, and bent his head before he replied. When he looked up he asked, in an eager tone:

"And so you would have further proof, eh? Let me know if he were ornaments of value of any kind?" and he gazed her somewhat anxiously in the face.

Sadie did not answer at once. She had noted the quick, eager look—the anxious glitter in the man's eyes. But she was powerfully wrought upon; she was thinking of the diamond pin which she had given her lover, and the thought now rushed over her mind that this man knew something of that lover's gift.

But, with her heart in her mouth, she faltered:

"Yes, yes; he wore a diamond scarf-pin; it was made in the shape of a heart, and she watched his face."

For an instant Wildfern quailed under that look, and he bent his head to conceal his emotion. When he looked up and replied, his words were very serious.

"Then that pin shall be a proof for you," he said, decidedly. "He has given it to the girl he loves, and never wears it, himself, save on the stage. I will get that pin from the girl, for she does not love the man; she plays with him, to wheedle him out of his earnings. In less than twenty-four hours I will show you the jewel. If that will not be sufficient, I will, under certain conditions on your part, show you other sights. Till then I'll leave you. Ha! by Jove! 'tis later than I thought," he exclaimed, as he drew out his watch and glanced at it. "I must be off; but before I go, my sweet one, I claim just one kiss for keeping you company so long!"

As he spoke he sprung to his feet, and darted upon the girl. In the twinkling of an eye Sadie eluded him, and rushed behind the bed. The man was not to be deterred; he advanced upon her. The poor girl pleaded, but vainly.

Then a fixed determination grew upon her face. "Stand back, sir! I am prepared, and will defend myself to the last!" and in a moment a bright blade flashed in her hand. Wildfern retreated, awed and astounded. Then, with the eyes of a basilisk, he glared at her. Summoning his courage, he made ready to dash upon her again.

But then there came a decided rap on the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WILLIS WILDFERN paused and stepped back hastily to the door. He opened it and looked out.

Lady Maud was standing there, and said, in a low voice: "Wild Tom is at the door. As last night, he says his business is urgent."

Wildfern did not reply. He frowned slightly, and then turning his head, he gave Sadie a significant look, and, without any words, went out. He locked the door securely, and gave the key to Lady Maud.

The two hurried down-stairs—neither speaking. But when Wildfern had nearly reached the door at the street, he suddenly paused.

"By Jove! I forgot!" he exclaimed, and he took off the wig and false beard, and flinging them aside, went on.

"What luck, captain?" asked the woman, as if she had been making up her mind to put the question. Her voice trembled slightly. "Can you force her to wed you?"

"Luck? ha! ha! why, well, 'tis all right, or will be by the time I come again. But I have forgotten something else. If any one should come here to-morrow, Lady Maud, in answer to an advertisement, say that what they seek has been delivered up already. Do you understand?"

"Exactly, captain; and what is the advertisement?" asked Lady Maud, with some curiosity, a strange fire in her eye.

"You will know in good time, but not now; I am hurried."

With that the man opened the front door and went out. At the bottom of the steps he joined another man, and together they hurried away. They took their way

up Locust street, and soon disappeared in the gloom.

That night, just before the performance at the Chestnut street theater was over, two men emerged from a court in Juniper street, between Chestnut and Market, and took their way stealthily along. On reaching Chestnut street they hurried down until they were opposite the theater. Here, in the gloom of the overhanging houses, they paused and kept their eyes bent upon the theater, and on the corner at the drug-store.

Then, at last, the play was ended, and the crowd began to pour out into the streets; and then Frank Hayworth appeared in the crowd at the corner, and hurried down Twelfth street.

The men had seen him, and after noting the direction he had taken, they walked rapidly away down the same street, taking care to keep well ahead of the actor.

When Willis Wildfern had gone, Lady Maud leaned breathlessly against the door.

"Poor, poor thing—forced to marry a villain! and I can not help her! But, I'll see I'll see!"

She turned at once and went up-stairs. In a moment she was in Sadie's room again—a moment more she had the poor girl in her arms and murmured:

"Poor child, I pity you! I was not always as I am; and—and I will help you if I can."

Then Sadie answered, in a low, sweet whisper:

"God bless you! God bless you!" and clung to her the closer.

It was a very late hour when the Lady Maud left the room of the prisoner; and, as usual, she locked the door.

But, as the woman trod slowly down-stairs to seek her own secluded room, she muttered:

"I'll stand by her! And if no other means present for rescuing her, may God strike me dead, if I do not set—"

Here her voice sunk lower, and the rest of the words were lost as she suddenly hurried down-stairs.

We have left Agnes Hope in a rather cavalierly manner, unnoticed for sometime. It will be remembered, too, that we left her under rather peculiar circumstances.

We will now return to her lonely room, where she was so suddenly startled by the entrance of a man.

One glance at him who had entered thus unceremoniously, and Agnes uttered a cry, and staggered backward in her room.

The man paused for a moment, and leered like a demon at her.

"Ha! Agnes Hope, you did not expect me; but you did another! Ha! ha! I am ahead of him!" and he advanced boldly into the room.

"You here, Willis Wildfern!" exclaimed the maiden, shrinking still further from him, and raising her hands as if to ward him off.

The man laughed.

"There is no need to answer that question, Agnes, seeing that you know me," he said. "You see I have long promised you a visit, and I thought to-night was as good a time as any. Besides that, this is my house, and I suppose I have a right to come into it, eh?"

"This room is sacred to me, Willis Wildfern, and you know it. You certainly are aware of my recent affliction; are you not man enough to respect me in my sorrow?"

For a moment the fellow cast his eyes down, and it really seemed that a shade of remorse flitted over his face. But he quickly looked up, and certainly there was no such shade there then.

"Why, Agnes Hope, I could not prevent your mother from dying. That was the doctor's business. Nor have I—for I must be candid—any extra amount of sorrow at the calamity. All I care for is my rent for the last two months. Have you got it?" and he smiled sardonically in her pale, haggard face.

The poor girl started perceptibly, and her frame shook violently. But her emotion passed off, and she said, in a low voice:

"'Tis a strange time—an unseasonable hour—for to come for your money."

"That is not the question, Agnes Hope; I choose my own time for doing what I please—remember that! Have you the money for the rent, and can you settle now?" and he advanced a step nearer to her.

The girl looked at him with affright, and retreated still further into the room.

"I have always, always, paid you, Mr. Wildfern," she gasped, "but I have not the money now. I do not earn much; and I had to purchase things for my poor mother, sir!" and she broke down from emotion.

"Then get your lover, Frank Hayworth, to pay it for you!" exclaimed the man, rudely. "I am sure you are not chary with your favors to him!"

"Monster! villain! What mean you?" exclaimed the girl, her frail form dilating with sudden indignation, her eyes flashing fire. She half-advanced upon the man.

"I have touched you tenderly, I see, my charmer," said Wildfern, with a sneer. "But, I will answer your question thus: I mean that you love this actor too much for a sister, that is, some would think so. There, is that plain enough?"

"Oh, wicked villain! despicable wretch

that you are!" exclaimed the girl, her whole being worked up to an ungovernable degree. "I fling back your words! I scorn them! and spit upon you! Begone, sir, and leave me, leave me alone with my sorrow! Begone, sir, and respect a friendless woman. Begone! for I loathe the sight of you!" and she indignantly waved him from the room.

But Wildfern did not move; he stood perfectly quiet, and smiled wickedly.

"No, no, Agnes Hope, I'll not go!" he said, in a low, determined voice. "I came on a double business; when it is accomplished expect me to go, and not before! Need I recall to you an old-time tale, Agnes Hope? Methinks there is no occasion. Need I recall to you a bargain once made between you and myself? Need I freshen your memory by telling you that long years ago—when I was poor and honest—"

"ha! ha!—that I loved you madly?—And you, Agnes Hope, said that you loved me! How lying were your lips! But, I suspected you; and then you said, solemnly: 'If I do not wed you, Willis, you may cut the mark of a cross upon my brow, and mar my beauty forever!'"

Then he made that bargain; ay! and both of us swore to it! Now, Agnes, you have not wedded me; you say you will not wed me! I have come for the forfeit. I have spared you thus long; but now the hour is here, and I am prepared and ready for the work!"

As he spoke he advanced upon her at once. There was a terrible earnestness in his tone, a fearful, snake-like glitter in his eye.

He continued to advance upon the poor girl, who had now retreated into the extreme corner of the room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

How He Found Her.

BY J. EDGAR LEE.

Mrs. Brown, widow, rather pretty when aided by a cosmetic, was not rich, though she did dress well, did live well, and managed very well, generally. Mrs. Grundy said, with an unfathomable nod, that she knew whether widow Brown was wealthy or not; Mrs. Brown had money; there was no denying that; no one could live in a stone-front without money.

Mr. Elmer Channings called there often—to pay his addresses to Julia Brown it was believed by those who, in small towns, profess to know every thing. But let us see for ourselves. The sun was shooting through the half-parted window-curtains of Mrs. Brown's parlor one afternoon, striking that lady in the face, as if to smite her for the lie she was about to utter. Elmer Channings, quite handsome and sad-eyed, sat upon the piano-stool, thumping softly the keys of the instrument and looking at the carpet.

"You say, Mrs. Brown, she has left you?" said he, the second time, without raising his head. "I understood that you and your daughter were Sylvia's only relatives. Excuse me for my presumption, but would you favor me with her present address? That will be a kindness unspeakable."

"Mr. Channings," answered the woman, smiling to herself, strangely, "my niece is beyond my control. You were right in your idea that my child and I were her only relatives. You, perhaps, recall the days you spent with my niece upon the seashore as very happy ones. You knew very little of Sylvia then, sir; in her artfulness she led you to believe that she was an angel; with her pretty face she deceived you."

"Madam," exclaimed the gentleman, raising his meditative gaze from the floor to the woman's face, and giving a decisive thump to a very deep note on the piano, "I did not come here to have my life made the subject of a needless conference. I only ask for her address; if you possess it, I pray you impart it to me."

There was sadness in the latter sentence as it came from Elmer's lips, and his eyes resumed their dreaminess. He saw before him those other days, of sunshine and happiness; they were a long way off—five years ago—yet came before him with the vividness of an action of yesterday. Mrs. Brown, daughter and niece were then at a favorite watering-place, at which pleasant locality Mr. Channings had formed the acquaintance of the trio. The young man was not wanting in attention from the mother and daughter; there are fortune-hunters among the gentler sex.

The niece was a beautiful young girl, whom Elmer began to love, when he lost sight of her. Evenings of beauty and coolness found Sylvia and the handsome fellow strolling on the beach. The aunt had grown irritated both at the intimacy growing between the two, and the frustration of her scheming, and had left the beach unexpectedly.

Need we add to this reminiscence that Elmer realized how strongly he loved Sylvia after she was gone? Impossible it was for him to discover where the family had journeyed; nor could he learn from whence it had come. Five years he searched for them, the love he bore for the niece actuating him to a persistency unyielding. For half a decade of years he had carried her picture, had kissed it, and studied the face with hopes of one day seeing the original.

Now, you may imagine that his heart grew light, and he felt relieved in a great measure, when he heard that Mrs. Brown, widow, lived in the town where he had

stopped, on such and such a street, third door from so and so's fine house, and "couldn't miss it if he'd try." He called, often, at first mentioning nothing in regard to Sylvia; but, at last, where we find him now, he broached the subject.

"Sir," responded the aunt, moving from the dazzling rays that came in at the window, "I will confess to you a little event, which may astonish you. Sylvia Alverd, my brother's child, who was an orphan under my care, became unbearable in my house with her impudence."

A low sob interrupted Mrs. Brown's "confession," and caused Elmer to glance quickly toward the door of the adjoining room. Mrs. Brown's face turned very red, and Mr. Channings looked at her wonderingly.

"Her impudence became intolerable to my daughter and me, and to avoid trouble I sent Sylvia off to boarding-school," resumed she, still quite flushed and embarrassed.

"Just so," said he, rising, and beginning to pace the floor. "And then, Mrs. Brown; and then, what?"

"She then ran away from the school, and to this day I have heard nothing of her. I suppose she is dead."

Elmer turned and stared at the woman in dumb surprise. She had spoken so indifferently concerning his love, as if her disappearance or death were but an ordinary occurrence.

"You suppose she is dead?" he finally said, with bitter irony in his tone; "and did you make no inquiries?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"And found her not? Lost forever! Mrs. Brown, how long since she 'ran away' from the school?"

"Let me see," answered the woman, in a trembling voice, for Elmer was studying her face closely, and she was conscious that he suspected something, and would not observe the conventionality of society to prove that he was right. "On the seashore one summer, when we saw you; next we were here; next Sylvia went—three years, Mr. Channings. Just three years. Poor girl, I—"

Another low sob came from the door; it went straight to Elmer's heart. Mrs. Brown seemed vexed, and her black eyes snapped alternately at the door and the former's back.

"Is there any one ill?" questioned he, evincing in his manner a desire to learn who was thus giving vent to grief. "With your permission, madam, I will look into the room."

His hand was upon the knob when the aunt sprang forward, and seizing his arm, she cried:

"I beg of you, sir, do not look; no one is ill—Julia may be crying—resume your seat—you are excited."

"I am not, I came here to learn the truth, and it, only, will I heed. Madam, this door I shall open; I beg no pardons for my rudeness. I am searching for Sylvia, and I will find her," he replied, striving with his hands and one knee to gain access to the next apartment. Mrs. Brown gave up her attempt to prevent him from accomplishing his wish, and he would have most certainly pushed the door open had not some one within quickly turned the key.

Mr. Channings thus frustrated, realized that he was quite excited, as the aunt of his loved one had declared. Nor would he have gaily asserted an assertion that he had acted very foolishly, not to say very ungentlemanly. He quietly took his hat, and turned his face to the street. Upon the steps Mrs. Brown requested him to call again; Julia would be happy to receive his calls; must not fret over the late trivial event, etc.; to which he answered that he would, undoubtedly, leave the place that evening, in which departure he hoped to lose the memory of his conduct. He said nothing in regard to Sylvia, but the woman did, in a low tone:

"Good-by, sir. I hope you may be right in your belief that Sylvia is still living. What is more, I hope that you will find her—I wish you joy in your meeting!" The face disappeared, and the street-door banged harshly upon Elmer's nerves. With a slow step and downcast eyes he sought his hotel—an insignificant one and unworthy of such a name—where he sat in a stiff chair, beguiling the afternoon and evening hours with thoughts of her and the woman she had called "auntie."

Busily as he was engaged in running back to younger days, and denominating them, one and all, as "heavenly days," he forgot his determination to leave the town, and allowed the 7:15 train to rush in and rush out with not so much as a glance from his pensive eyes.

"Five years," he murmured, dropping his head in his hands. "A long, long time, I must say, to search, and search ineffectually, for a sweetheart. I wonder if there is any parallel to this in the annals of true love? I expect not, this being quite extraordinary. Mine is a romance. I will term it such, trusting that it will terminate as do romances—with love, reunion, marriage."

Elmer yawned, stood up, and stretched his arms, took a few graceful steps on the floor, then sat down by a table and endeavored to read a newspaper in the light of an asthmatic lamp. The sheet before him proved to be a publication of the place; it was full of prosiness, he thought, yet a paragraph in the "Wanted" column claimed his attention. An advertisement

only, which stated that Mrs. Brown, Michigan street, wished a good girl for general housework—this alone saved the paper from being cast aside.

"A good girl, eh?" he thought. "Yes; well—apply to-morrow evening? Good, splendid, grand!" and he slapped the table so roughly, and uttered the last adjective so enthusiastically, that several persons inquired if he was ill, or "didn't he feel first rate?"

Mrs. Brown sat in her parlor alone; and, it being the evening of a grand party for Julia, a maiden of more summers than she would claim, and no one having replied to the advertisement for a "good girl," Mrs. Brown felt more vexed than usual.

"Every thing ready, all arranged, except the coming of a waiter. 'Twould never do to allow her to be seen. No; mercy, no! Mr. Channings, has been thrown off the track, and others must not get the scent he has held so long and lost so nicely. Sylvia shall never be his; that I vowed when I learned, at the seaside, of his indifference to my dear Julia."

Mrs. Brown continued in this strain for a time, when she was lushed by the violent ringing of the door-bell.

Mrs. Brown opened the front door herself. "Twas not late in the evening yet; the sun shone in the windows and on the walls of the opposite dwellings with declining radiance, and the milkman—a name erroneously applied to this vender even in so small a place as this—was going his oft-interrupted journey with leisure. But who stood here, upon the steps, before Mrs. Brown, so faultingly?"

"An' Misses Brown, it's not me that can do the likes o' raidin', yit me brother rander askin' of a gurl, an' sint me to ye fur the givin' of a sitivation, hopin' that it's not the bad luck will fall upon me, but the fortune upon yerself."

Here was an answer to her advertisement at the eleventh hour, and as she had made no restriction in regard to the application of an Irish maid, Mrs. Brown conceded to the request of the applicant, and, in true Hibernian style, Bridget took upon herself the duties of the household.

Her labors were not great until the hour of refreshment for the "grand party" came around. Then her task was to act in the capacity of a female *factotum* at the supper prepared for the occasion. During the earlier hours of evening "our hired girl" sat in the kitchen alone, Mrs. Brown and child having already become engaged in the entertainment of the first arrivals in the parlor. The "girl"—thus unfeelingly addressed in the majority of our homes—was gazing through the window, at the appearing stars in the sky, when a light step on the floor brought back her mind to human affairs.

Instead of seeing Mrs. Brown or Julia, Bridget stood facing a young lady of rare beauty, who was dressed in cheap but neat clothes. Bridget started and threw up both hands in surprise, which drew a few words from the other.

"Are you to be our housemaid?" she inquired, in a low, half-frightened manner, placing a hand upon the arm of the one questioned.

"Yes, me darlint, me precious honey."

"And would you do me a great kindness?"

"By me sowl, yes."

"Then take this to the hotel, and give it to whom it is directed," and the soft hand placed in Bridget's a note. The latter walked to the window, tore the envelope, and began reading, or pretending to read, the contents of the sheet.

"What do you mean—my letter, you?" The supposed Irish girl put her lips to the beauty's ear and whispered:

"Sylvia! my lost Sylvia! I am here to claim you!"

Mrs. Brown, Julia and the entire number of arrived guests, were brought to the kitchen by the cry from—I might as well tell you first as last—Sylvia; the niece who became intolerably impudent and ran away from her school, according to the aunt's story. It was a laughable picture they found in that kitchen; but Mrs. Brown could not smile; she employed the assistance of friends to hold her up when she saw the head and face of Mr. Channings decorating the garments of an Irish Biddy. And her niece was in his arms, and she had told him such a falsehood! She had told him the evening before that Sylvia was dead, undoubtedly!

A voice spoke finally—a rich, pure voice:

"For five years, you around me, my aunt, there, has kept me from friends, and even denied me the liberty of leaving the house. You may imagine my suffering when I tell you that this man, in a strange costume at present, I knew was searching for me during those long years. Last evening Elmer Channings received from my aunt the story that I was gone from her control, perhaps dead. I heard her, and began sobbing, when he strove to reach the room wherein I sat, but Julia Brown locked the door in time to foil him. I will say no more, only that my aunt owns nothing—my father's fortune has been spending, when I am the heir."

I need not lengthen this with particulars. You know that a marriage is generally the end of a tale; but I must tell you that Sylvia Channings, to-day, does not suffer her aunt or cousin to live uncomfortably; and that, if this does terminate here, the happiness of Elmer and his wife continues in uninterruptedness.

"Is this so, James Martin?" he asked, striding to the bedside. "Is Meta my sister?"

"Yes, Henry," said Doctor James. "God be praised!" murmured the brother, pressing Meta to his breast; and her silent prayer of thankfulness was none the less fervent.

Oh! ought not the dying man to be forgiven after causing such joy?

There was a witness to this scene which none in the chamber had yet noticed. It was the shadowy terror of Arrancourt; but how unlike she was to the dreaded phantom which had been such a terror to the man who was now passing away. A pleasant-faced woman in black, with eyes so like Meta's, and traces of beauty which the misery of a score of years had not eradicated.

George Matthews saw her first, and he exclaimed: "Mrs. Morehouse!"

The lady nodded to him, and then drew near the bed. James Martin saw her.

"Do not reproach me, Meta Vinton!" said he. "You have had your revenge. I murdered your husband, and took your children from you; but look! I restore them to you. Would to God I could also give Norman back to you! Then I could die happy. Forgive me, Meta, forgive me!"

Doctor James Martin never spoke again. The last act in a wasted life was one of atonement.

There was a hushed and awful stillness in the chamber, while the life of Doctor James Martin was quietly passing out of the wasted body; then all but Moses Martin turned away, sorrowful, but not mourning the loss. But where was the young wife—the beautiful woman who had risked so much and lost all? Gone; no one knew when or whither.

And all this while Paul Rodney was waiting—waiting, wavering between hope and despair. He heard a rustling of garments, and ere he turned his head, Meta stood beside him. No more doubting; no more the child of shame; but radiant and happy, with a home, a name, and so many friends. No words were needed to tell Paul of his happiness, but Meta put her hand in his, and whispered so softly:

"Yes, Paul."

An hour later there was a sad, yet interested group sitting in the great parlor at Arrancourt, listening to Mrs. Vinton, as she made clear many things which were mysterious.

"I knew Doctor James Martin," said she, "before I married Norman Vinton. He sought my hand in marriage, and my refusal made him my enemy. But I saw nothing of him until we met in Europe. Norman was sick, and Doctor James was the only physician we could reach. He attended my husband and poisoned him. Then he fled, taking my two children. My nerves were weak from anxiety and long watching at Norman's bedside, and the double shock was more than I could bear. I grew partially deranged, and wandered from place to place. In my lucid intervals I invariably planned to bring the murderer of my dear husband to justice, but ere I was able to accomplish much, my reason would leave me again, undoing all I had done."

"I adopted a child, hoping that the care might be beneficial. I assumed my maiden name, Morehouse, and gave Walter the name, too. I grew better under the influence of his love, and when he was eighteen we came to America. I went to Willamington, determined to wait until I was sure that I had strength to go on with the work I had so often attempted."

Walter was taken with a desire to go to California, and I reluctantly consented. All went well for a while. Walter sent me sufficient money for my simple wants, but suddenly the remittances were stopped. Then came a letter, stating that he had sent some money by a Mr. Paul Rodney, but I never received it."

Here George Matthews quickly arose, and begged leave to interrupt her one moment.

"The money is now in the bank at Willamington," said he; "put there by Paul Rodney himself soon after you went away. Why he was delayed, we will leave to be told another time."

"Thank you, Mr. Matthews. I have always felt hard about that money, for it was the last that Walter ever sent me that I know of. It was but a few months afterward that a letter advised me of Walter's death."

On the same day, or rather during the night following, there came a rap at my door; and, on going to see who was there, I met Doctor James Martin.

"What followed after that I can not tell positively, for it all seems like a dream, until I stood in the death chamber to-day. As I look at it now, my first recollection is of standing in the door of that very room, and seeing Doctor James Martin on the bed, and an assassin standing with drawn knife over him. Then I was in another chamber. Ella was sleeping peacefully, while a woman stood ready to take her life. That woman I do not see here now, but it seems that I have met her since."

The listeners looked from one to another, for they all felt that she referred to Dora.

"After this," resumed Mrs. Vinton, "every thing is so confused that I will not attempt to relate it."

Following Mrs. Vinton, were explanations from Paul and Meta, and from Mr. Martin, taking up the entire day.

And here will we leave them, and pass over the interval to the present.

Paul Rodney and Meta now live at Willamington in an elegant mansion contiguous to Charles Matthews' home; and Paul manages the banking business just as Charles Matthews hoped he would. George is there, too, a truly penitent man, and nobly trying to make amends for his past errors.

Henry Vinton and Ella live at Arrancourt with Mrs. Vinton. And we must not omit Prince. He has the liberty of the estate, an honored retainer, but growing old, as we all are doing.

Dora never returned to her father, for the insanity which we must charitably believe influenced her in her career of crime, assumed a more violent phase, and she now passes her time in an asylum, raving of her disappointments.

Allan Wentworth, her willing tool, broke away from her allurements, and found a soldier's grave.

Thus we bid them all good-by.

THE END.

MODEL FAMILY WEEKLY.

The Scarlet Hand!

The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF STAGES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE FIRST ALLYNE STRATHROY.

Duke, the Slasher, sat in his den—a little front room over a liquor store in Bayard street—in an extremely bad humor. His face was almost covered with strips of court-plaster placed over the saber cut which the actor had given him on the night of the assault.

A bottle of whisky and a glass stood on the table beside which the Slasher sat; also a pitcher of water.

It was the morning following the night whereon the events had taken place that we related in our last chapter.

Duke's wound was an extremely painful one, although by no means dangerous. The bad condition of his system, steeped in liquor, aggravated the wound. And even now, despite the commands of his doctor, he would not keep from liquor.

"Curse the luck," he cried. "I'm a putty looking picture, I am! My head is swelled up as big as a bushel basket. I feel as if it didn't belong to me at all. But, I'll be even with that cove, blow me if I don't!"

Then the sounds of footsteps ascending the stairs that led to his room fell upon the ears of the wounded man.

"Hallo," he muttered, "that steps sounds familiar. Some of the boys, maybe, comin' to see the old man."

Then the door opened, and to the surprise and horror of the Slasher, the murdered man, James Kidd, walked into the room. He looked about the same as he had looked on the night when the Slasher had parted with him weeks before—the night on which he had been murdered. He was paler in the face, and his hair was cropped close to his head. He was dressed in a rough, dark suit, and wore a red shirt.

Duke started to his feet with a cry of alarm. He thought that he beheld a specter.

"Don't be afraid, Duke. I am alive," said Kidd, guessing the fear of the other.

"Holy Moses!" cried Duke, in wonder; "are you alive? Why, I saw you laid out, with a knife-cut in you, too, big enough to let out half a dozen lives."

"I was only in a trance," said Kidd, taking a seat and helping himself to the whisky.

"But wasn't you buried?" asked the Slasher, resuming his seat.

"Yes."

"The devil you were!" Duke couldn't understand this strange mystery.

"Yes," replied Kidd; "but I was dug up again by some body-snatchers, who were procuring 'subjects' for the doctors. I was taken by them to some doctor's office. They put me on a table to cut up. But the first cut of the knife brought the blood and brought me out of my trance. The doctors were alarmed, lest I should disclose how they procured their 'subjects.' They revived me, then gave me a suit of clothes—I had nothing on but my undershirt and drawers—and a little money, and put me out into the street. I wandered off, I don't know exactly where, for I think I was a little out of my head, but at last, I got into some house down in Cherry street. I told the folks I was sick, and gave them what little money I had, and they kept me till this morning. Then my head got all right again, and I concluded to hunt my friends up."

"Well, you have had a time of it," said Duke, astonished at this strange story.

"Yes, but I'm worth a dozen dead men yet!" cried Kidd, with a bitter laugh.

"That's so," responded the Slasher. Then he took a good look at Kidd.

"Well, now I've got it!" Duke exclaimed, suddenly.

"Got what?" asked Kidd.

"Why, since you've been gone, I've had a little business with a cove on Fifth avenue, Allyne Strathroy. Do you know him?"

"I ought to," said Kidd, quietly. "He's the man that tried to kill me."

"That's what I thought, for I found the letter that you wrote to him. Well, when I saw him, his face looked familiar to me, but I couldn't guess where I had seen it. But I know now. He's the very image of you."

"That is not wonderful; we are half-brothers," said Kidd.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I am the son of Clinton Strathroy by his first wife, your sister Lizzie. Duke, you are my uncle," said Kidd.

"The blazes I am!" said Duke, astonished.

"Yes, my real name is Allyne Strathroy. And not only that, Duke; I am the heir to all this property left by my father, Clinton Strathroy. Your sister—my mother—was legally married, and they can't keep me out of my rights."

"That's the ticket!" Justice at last!" cried Duke.

"I am going to see the lawyer instantly and put in my claim," said Kidd, rising.

"I'll go with you, though I ain't a handsome looking object just now, with this here hand," said the Slasher.

"We'll go at once."

"Say, how did you find out all this?" asked the Slasher, who was considerably astonished at the strange revelation.

"I discovered it, no matter how; but, come, let us be off."

Kidd, who walked quite slowly and appeared weak, and the Slasher proceeded at once to the office of Weisel, the lawyer in Center street.

They found the lawyer in. Weisel started in astonishment when he looked in the face of the young man.

"Allow me to introduce myself, sir," said Kidd. "I am Allyne Strathroy, the elder, for I have been told that there is a strong resemblance between myself and my half-brother," said Kidd.

"A wonderful resemblance!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"It will be an easy thing, sir, to prove my identity," said Kidd. "The woman who took care of me when I was a child is in New York. Her name is Mary Kand, but she is more commonly called Irish Molly."

Here was another surprise for the lawyer. He had really stumbled upon the actual witness, in his quest to find one to represent her.

"Besides which, sir, you are probably aware that the first Allyne Strathroy had a peculiar mark upon the right arm."

"He had, sir," said Weisel, who was already convinced that the man who stood before him was Allyne Strathroy—the first Allyne—the undoubted heir to the estate, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"The mark on the arm was three moles forming a triangle, was it not?"

"It was, sir."

Then Kidd stripped off his coat, rolled up his right shirt-sleeve, and there on the arm, clear and distinct, were the three moles forming the triangle. There could not be a doubt as to the identity of the heir.

"My little stake is gone up in a balloon!" muttered Weisel, in disgust.

"I suppose, Mr. Weisel, that you will have no objection to undertaking the charge of my case?" said Kidd.

"Of course not, sir," exclaimed Weisel, in joy at the prospect of getting something to reward him for his trouble.

"You had better see Mr. Allyne Strathroy—the second Allyne, who has so long enjoyed what is mine by rights—at once," said Kidd.

"No need of that," observed Weisel. "Mr. Chubbet is the lawyer retained by him. But there isn't any need of seeing any of the opposing party. Your case, sir, is good beyond a doubt. I should let the first notification be the serving of the papers."

"No, I prefer to see this Mr. Chubbet. I have an idea that my rights will not be contested, but that they will yield the estate without a struggle," said Kidd.

"I think not, sir; but still, have your own way in the matter. We can take a coach and go to the lawyer's house at once."

The three left the office, got into a hack and proceeded up-town.

Now see on what little, trivial things hangs the destiny of man.

The hack went up Broadway, but was stopped in its course—right in front of the Metropolitan Hotel—by a slight jam of vehicles in the street. Something very unusual on that part of Broadway.

Kidd put his head out of the coach window to discover what the matter was.

A man standing on the steps of the Me-

tropolitan Hotel caught sight of his face. He was one of a little knot of gentlemen who were talking together. But the moment his eyes fell upon the face of Kidd looking from the coach window, he started as though struck by an electric shock.

The vehicles disengaged themselves from the jam, and the coach containing the three whose progress we are tracing went on.

The man on the steps turned hastily to one of his companions.

"Thorne," he said, "have you a revolver?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Lend it to me, quick."

Somewhat astonished, the gentleman handed the revolver—a small Smith and Wesson's.

"I'll see you again," he said, hastily, to his friends; then he ran to one of the hackmen standing on the curbstone.

"You see that hack with the gray horses?" he said, pointing to the one that held the three.

"Yes."

"Ten dollars if you'll follow that hack!" Then he jumped into the coach. The driver mounted and they followed in pursuit.

Up Broadway went the hack containing the three, turned into Madison avenue, and drove to the residence of Chubbet. The coach in chase halted half a block below.

The three entered the house.

James Kidd—or Allyne Strathroy as he now claimed to be—had little idea that the avenger was on his track.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
THE FATE OF JAMES KIDD.

LAWYER CHUBBET received his visitors in his parlor. Like all the rest, he started in astonishment, when he beheld the strange resemblance that Kidd bore to Allyne Strathroy.

Briefly Kidd explained who he was and his claim to the Strathroy estate.

"Well," said Chubbet, "I do not think that your claim will be disputed. Mr. Allyne Strathroy, your half-brother, who has held the estate, is dead, and has left no heirs who will contest your rights under the will of your father." Then Chubbet briefly explained the circumstances of Allyne's death at the hands of the police while he was striving to escape from them.

"I suppose the evening papers will have a full account of the death of the unfortunate young man to whom you bear such a striking resemblance," he said, in conclusion.

"Then my just claim to my father's property will not be disputed?" said Kidd, a look of triumph upon his face.

"Not by me, sir," replied the lawyer. "All you will have to do is to prove your identity—which I have no doubt you can easily do—and you can take possession of the estate without a contest."

"At last I triumph!" muttered Kidd between his teeth in fierce joy.

Then a servant entered the room.

"Two gentlemen are at the door and wish to see Mr. Chubbet on particular business; also Mr. Kidd," said the servant.

Kidd's face wore a look of apprehension. How could any one know that he was there?

"Show them in," said Chubbet.

The servant retired.

An apprehension of danger came over Kidd. His brow became overcast, and he nervously clutched a knife which he had concealed in his pocket.

The door opened and the servant ushered in the actor, Edmund Mordaunt, and a policeman.

Mordaunt was the man who had followed the three in the hack.

The bullet fired by Allyne Strathroy which had felled him to the floor, apparently lifeless, had only stunned him. It had passed along the side of his temple, just grazing it, and that was all.

It was evidently not in his destiny to die by the hand of Allyne Strathroy, for thrice had he sought to take the life of the actor, and thrice has he failed.

When Kidd's eyes fell upon the face of Mordaunt, he seemed like one struck by the lightning's bolt. His face became livid, and but for the support of the chair by which he was standing, he would have fallen to the floor.

"Living!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth.

"Sir," said the actor, addressing the lawyer, "for the second time I come to your house on a mission of vengeance."

"What do you mean?" asked Chubbet, in amazement.

"I come to arrest that man for murder," Mordaunt exclaimed, pointing to Kidd.

"Murder?" cried in astonishment all except Kidd. He did not show a sign of wonder, but with a powerful effort he faced his accuser.

"Of whose murder am I charged?" he asked, in a cold, unnatural voice.

"Of the murder of Allyne Strathroy," replied Mordaunt.

"But how can that be possible?" exclaimed the lawyer, in wonder. "Allyne Strathroy was shot by the police, and sunk beneath the water in the East river last night."

"Sir, you have been the victim of a bold and heartless deception," replied Mordaunt. "Allyne Strathroy was lured to a house in Baxter street, and there murdered by this man some weeks ago."

A man standing on the steps of the Me-

And the Allyne Strathroy who was shot last night?"

"Is that man there, James Kidd?"

This strange disclosure startled all except the accused. With firm-set teeth and frowning eyes he glared upon the man that had hunted him down.

"He decoyed Strathroy to his house and killed him there. Then he dressed the body in his clothes, while he himself assumed the garb worn by the murdered man. Aided by the strange resemblance that he bore to Allyne Strathroy, he boldly took his place in the world—stole the life of Allyne Strathroy. The boldness of the game made it a successful one. The body of Allyne Strathroy was found the next morning dressed in the clothes of James Kidd. Everyone thought it was James Kidd, and he was buried as such, while the real James Kidd, in the dress of Allyne Strathroy, deceived all the world as to his identity, excepting myself. I had a suspicion of the truth from the first. I determined to learn if my suspicion was correct. In disguise, I procured first the signature of this man here, who then called himself Allyne Strathroy; then the signature of the real Allyne Strathroy. An expert decided that the first signature was a forgery. The real Allyne, too, is marked with a scar on the great toe of the left foot; take up the body of the man buried as James Kidd and you will find the scar, for it is the corpse of Allyne Strathroy, the victim of this man."

A dead silence followed this strange revelation. At first the hearers could hardly believe it, but when they looked at the man known as James Kidd—saw the wonderful likeness that he bore to Allyne Strathroy, they did not wonder that he had succeeded in his bold deception.

"The game is up," said Kidd, with a bitter oath. "This man has spoken the truth. I decoyed Allyne Strathroy to my house and killed him; then took his place in the world. Accident had revealed to me that we looked so much alike that we could not be told apart. The game was a desperate one, but I succeeded in it. I loved the same woman that this Allyne loved. I supposed, as we were half-brothers, our passions and our likings were the same, but our father gave me all his evil ways—to Allyne, his second son, all the good that was in his nature. The heart of the girl, though, detected the cheat, though her eyes did not. She loved Allyne, but she did not love me, though I was his living image. I knew that this man was my evil genius, and he pointed his white finger at Mordaunt. 'I felt that either he must perish by my hand or I by his. I have lost the game.'

"Secure your prisoner," said Mordaunt, to the officer.

"Your life first!" cried Kidd, wildly, as, knife in hand, he sprang at Mordaunt. But the actor was prepared for him, for he held his revolver ready cocked in his hand.

A sharp report rung through the room, and James Kidd, shot through the throat, sunk bleeding to the floor.

"It is over," he cried, writhing in the agonies of death. "It is fated that I die by your hand. I did kill Strathroy—but I did not know that he was my half-brother when I stained my hand with that scarlet crime. Oh! I am going—Blanche—for you—"

Then the blood gushed through his throat and choked his utterance.

And with the name of the woman on his lips for whose sake he had given his soul to perdition, James Kidd breathed his last.

Both the first and second Allyne now slept in the cold embrace of the grim King of Terrors.

Our story is ended.

Blanche never knew that she had been married while under the influence of the drug. Chubbet, after the flight of the supposed Allyne, saw at once that it was better that the affair should never be made public. His housekeeper and the minister readily promised silence, and the young lawyer, Osmond, who had happened to be in the police-court when Mordaunt applied for the warrant, and thus became one of the party who visited the Chubbet mansion, imagined that he had arrived just in time to prevent the marriage.

Blanche made her home with Margaret, and soon coming of age she was free to do what she liked.

Leonard Osmond became her lawyer, and in the settlement of her estate held lawyer Chubbet to a close account of his stewardship.

Blanche, in time, learned to love the young lawyer who had so faithfully served her when she was in peril, and at last became his wife, much to the delight of Margaret.

The "Slasher" is still a power in the Sixth ward, and votes as often on election day as ever.

Mordaunt married the sewing-girl, Crissie Moore, and he blesses the day when he first looked upon her little head with the odd-colored hair. Crissie makes the best little wife possible. The actor is steady now, and shines as a glittering "star" in the theatrical horizon. And in the warm summer days, he has a cosy cottage at Mystic on the Sound, and there to his friends, who make him flying visits, he often tells this story, that we have related, of the man who stained his hand scarlet with crime.

THE END.

Lynching a Mail Robber.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE mail coach, late one afternoon in the autumn of 1899, was slowly ascending the long, steep grade that winds like a huge serpent up the rugged side of Muldrow's Hill—now penetrated by the great tunnel through which thunder the daily trains in their transit over the Louisville and Nashville railroad—the weary horses panting under their heavy burden, but yet held to their work by whip and voice of the sturdy driver.

At the time of which I speak the country in this region was almost in its primeval condition, and one might travel for a day or more off the turnpike road and not see the smoke of a settler's cabin.

But while the honest pioneer had but rarely found his way thither, there was another class who had, and that in considerable numbers. I allude to the bands of horse-thieves, mail-robbers, cut-throats, etc., who, fleeing from the strong arm of the violated law, found refuge amid the dense thickets, caves and secluded valleys of this branch of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The mail coach, by means of which most of the travel between the two cities, Louisville and Nashville, was performed, had been robbed on several occasions by these freebooters, and in one or two cases, where resistance was offered, cold-blooded murder had been done.

Thus it came that men who traveled this route did so with the expectation of meeting with difficulties of this nature, and consequently carried but little of value, while they went heavily armed.

On the present occasion the coach was crowded to its utmost capacity, more than half the occupants being women and children, who, in case of attack, would prove an embarrassment rather than any assistance.

That which was so much feared did not fail to take place.

The stage was making the last turn of the steep ascent previous to getting upon level ground, when suddenly half a dozen figures leaped from the thickets upon either side of the road, and grasped the heads of the horses, while double that number made for and surrounded the stage itself.

The demand from the leader of the band to quietly surrender was replied to by a shot from the interior of the vehicle, and the robber, struck full between the eyes, threw up his arms with a wild gesture, and fell dead in his tracks.

This was, of course, the signal for a general attack upon the passengers, and for a short time it looked as though all would be murdered.

The man who had first fired, a young Kentuckian, was dragged and slain while desperately fighting. Two other men were also murdered, and one bright-eyed little fellow of some ten years was instantly killed by a chance ball fired by the robbers.

Upon the death of this child hinges the story that follows.

The lad was traveling with his mother, a widow, and was her only child. They were returning to their home in Tennessee after a long jaunt northward, where, in some of the cities through which they had passed, the lad had purchased a fine, thoroughbred water spaniel, which was lying at his feet when he was shot. The intelligent animal evinced almost human sorrow at the fate of its young master, and more than once flew at those who came near where the widow was holding the dead boy in her arms.

The resistance made to the robbers soon ceased, and after pillaging the persons and baggage of all present, they shouldered the mail-bags, and moved off into the timber, where they were soon lost sight of.

The dog followed them a short distance into the wood, sniffing at the trail and barking savagely, but soon returned and resumed his place by the side of the child's body.

At the next station the alarm was given, and messengers, mounted upon the team that was to have been put to, started in various directions to apprise the farmers and settlers of the outrage, and thus bring together the "vigilance committee" recently formed for mutual protection.

During the whole night these men, some of them from a long distance, kept pouring into the little station, and when the sun rose there had assembled some forty or more strong, stalwart backwoodsmen, each bearing his long rifle, their bronzed features wearing a look of stern resolve that boded but little of good to the wretch that fell into their hands.

The sight of the widowed mother, and childless as well, moved their rugged natures to the very center, and though they spoke but little, and that in low tones, yet it was easy to be seen that they intended a swift and deadly vengeance.

It was their first meeting since organizing the committee, but they went systematically to work.

Proceeding to the scene of the previous night's tragedy, they closely and carefully examined the trail, which was broad and plain, and at once prepared to follow.

It was here suggested that the dog might be of assistance, and indeed the animal seemed to be aware of the fact himself, as he was already nosing the trail, as though anxious to lead, which, upon a word of

encouragement, he did, closely followed by the men in a body.

Over mountain and valley, through tangled breaks and across water courses, the intelligent brute steadily and unerringly led the pursuers, until at noon, from the top of a high hill, they caught sight of a thin, blue column of smoke arising from the chimney of a small hut upon the opposite side of the mountain.

A consultation was here held, and it was decided that this must be the den of mail robbers, as none present knew of its existence or who lived within it.

The force was here divided, and the hut surrounded without alarming the inmates, though once or twice a man had appeared at the door, who gazed down into the valley, as though on the look-out for some arrival.

Once completely invested, preparations were made to attack, if necessary, the stronghold of their enemies.

Two of the men stepped slightly forward, and in a loud voice called upon the owner to come out.

They were instantly saluted by a rifle-shot, fired with fatal effect, as one of them fell forward upon his face without a groan.

This was the signal for a general attack, which was instantly made from every quarter, and so rapid was the movement, that the door was reached and entered before the bolts and bars could be shot into their places.

The attacking party had been correct in their supposition, for the cabin was, indeed, the headquarters of the band, who were then engaged in rifling the mail-bags stolen the night before.

Under such circumstances the conflict could not be otherwise than fierce and deadly. The freebooters neither asked nor expected quarter, and hence fought as only men can fight so circumstanced.

But numbers decided the day, and one by one the blood-stained villains went down under the knives and clubbed rifles of the infuriated settlers.

A tall, raw-boned woman seemed to lead the robbers, fighting with the ferocity of a tigress robbed of her young, and apparently bearing a charmed life, for though ever in the thickest of the fray, she had escaped injury.

At length all had fallen save this woman and one other, a thick-set, brutish-looking fellow, who, from a corner of the room into which he had backed, for a long time kept his assailants at bay. The woman, who had managed to work her way to a position near the door, clearing her path with a heavy rifle, which she wielded as though it had been a straw, suddenly sprung through the entrance, and with a yell of defiance, disappeared down the slope of the mountain.

A moment after the man was knocked down and secured, and the victory was complete.

Half an hour later, a solemn scene was being enacted beneath the overhanging branches of a great oak that stood near the hut.

The man whom we have described as being the last to yield, was standing within a circle of stern and lowering faces, his arms pinioned to his sides, and a rope around his neck.

The vigilance committee had just passed sentence of death upon him, and some of the members were preparing to execute it.

To the uninitiated their proceedings would have been a complete mystery.

Beyond the great oak, in an open space, grew two tall hickory trees, probably three or four inches in thickness, and standing some twenty feet, or more, apart.

The branches and tops of these had been lopped off, and the men were now engaged in bending them inward, so as to make the tops of the two unite.

This, after much labor, was accomplished, and then the trembling wretch was led forward.

As his eye fell upon the fearful arrangement by which he was to die, he uttered a shriek of terror, and would have fallen save for the support rendered upon either side by his conductors.

In vain he pleaded a different mode of death; not a word was spoken in reply, as stern and grim his executioners led him forward.

With strong cords his arms were lashed to the tops of the banded trees, now held in position by a heavy rope that connected the two. A moment was given the wretched creature for prayer, and then, at a signal from the leader, the restraining bond was severed by the blow of a hatchet, the trees sprung upward and outward with terrific force, and the doomed man, his limbs wrenched from their sockets, and howling with the dreadful torture, hung suspended in mid-air.

For a few seconds he swayed up and down between the elastic trees, and then became motionless, at which instant the sharp crack of a rifle broke the death-like silence, the body was seen to spring convulsively upward, and then, as the head fell forward upon the breast, a small, round hole, directly between the eyes, from which the blood was flowing in a tiny stream, showed where the fatal bullet had struck.

The woman had robbed the executioners of half their vengeance.

Cruiser Crusoe:
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

I was up early, as, despite the fatigue and exhaustion consequent on my shipwreck, my mind was in a perfect flutter of anxiety to know what had occurred in my absence. My dog had not yet reappeared, but toward breakfast-time he came back, followed by the whole tribe, looking rather shy and wild, it is true, but still evidently glad to see me.

I shouldered my gun, and determined at once to let them feel the advantage of my presence, than which nothing more tames such animals; I took them toward the pig-pen, where I saw, by the wild way of the porkers, they had been before. The moment they saw the dogs, they came rushing to the rail, and put themselves on the defensive. The array of tusks was rather formidable, and doubtless the dogs had found it so, for they held back yelping and shrieking.

I then shot two fat pigs, which terrifying the others, they retreated, so that I was able to provide myself and my beasts with a supply of fresh meat. I took all that I required, and hanging it up, abandoned the rest to the dogs, who, having waited patiently for some time, while I did the butchering, then fell to and enjoyed themselves evidently with singular delight.

I myself, however, proceeded on my way, being anxious to visit the beautiful valley of the gazelles, which now, that there was some chance of my family being increased, did appear to me to be a most important feature in my domestic economy. Yes, this was the notion that filled my mind. If the inhabitants of the village on the coast were indeed my friends and relatives, they would certainly try to reach my island, which Pablina must have described in such a way as to make them fully aware it could bear us all.

Of course I could not be certain that they were the persons I had seen, but still my instinct seemed to tell me it was so. After my own misfortunes and mishaps, it was scarcely to be expected that I should again take heart of grace and make me another canoe. But they, being many, would doubtless find it easy to do so, especially if they were the persons I fondly hoped they were.

I had seen many beautiful places on my island, but I thought nothing half so exquisite as my valley of the gazelles now appeared to my delighted eyes. The whole was one mass of lovely vegetation. The palm trees had sprung up, the grass was luxuriant, while the number of the gazelles had greatly increased, and I thought the little ones the sweetest and most beautifully-formed creatures I had ever witnessed.

My ostriches stalked about with imposing gravity, evidently on the best of terms with the gazelles, though they generally kept themselves at the scrubby and arid end of the valley. They had grown very much larger. But what excited my attention most was the fact that all the does were amply supplied with milk, which made me drive two of them into the pen; that, having given them a goodly supply of food, I might on the next day, myself enjoy the luxury of a bowl of milk, of which I was always wonderfully fond.

This done, my steps were retraced in another direction. What had become of my zebra, or had my absence entirely deprived me of possession of my steeds? On this point I was peculiarly anxious, as, make up my mind to be calm as much as ever I would, my ideas would still run on that village on the vast African shore.

They were grazing happily and peacefully in the old place, but evidently very shy. The sight of a gourd full of corn did not appear to incite them to any familiarity with their old master, who was, however, determined to recapture horse and zebra, even if the lasso had to be employed again. But this proved not to be necessary, for after some delay the horse, with that instinctive fondness for man which so often characterizes him, walked up to me, and after rubbing his nose against me, proceeded to eat the corn.

The zebra was evidently watching him, so I too was quick and careful, and when the beautiful creature came up after his companion, I contrived to have a halter ready for him. This done, I leaped on his bare back and rode him home, leading the horse, and followed by the young zebra.

My intention was to scour the island ere I settled down to work. I was ill at ease, dissatisfied, discontented. I did not know how to begin. Sometimes the idea would creep over me that at any sacrifice I would build myself another boat, and either search out the settlers on the shore, or sail down the coast of Africa until I reached the straits, which, in fine weather, I did not seem to be such a difficult adventure.

But first I would reconnoiter the coast, and find out if, indeed, it would be impossible to cross over to the mainland on a raft, and walk back to the settlement. With this view my preparations were made. A supply of pork, some cakes, a gourd of rum and water, powder and shot were placed to my hand; while my very best guns were all examined, and one remarkable for its lightness, and yet the large ball it carried, selected.

At daybreak the zebra was saddled, and

myself upon him, and on my way, though at first I had quite enough to do to manage her, so wild and skittish had she grown. As there was every sign of a change in the weather, I took with me my lion's skin, for on rising during the night to listen to some strange noise outside, I had felt the night air to be particularly chilly and damp.

The way selected was one almost new. It lay between the lake of my summer-house and the sea-coast, toward some woods, which had excited my curiosity from the peculiar appearance of the trees. I did not hurry my steed this day, even dismounting several times and walking; so that, what with excursions to the right and left, very little, if any, real progress was made.

A fire was very welcome that night, the stars being clear, and the air very keen and bracing. Near this it was pleasant to lie, while my zebra, duly hopped, stuffed herself with reeds and green grass, which was all it had, except just one handful of corn. Before me, in the morning, was a ridge, the ground of which was a kind of crisp gravel; while to my left lay broken, rocky ground; and to the right, a chaos of broken crags and rugged hills.

Then came in sight the woods I have already alluded to.

Suddenly I started. What was this I saw in the soft earth? I knew it at once to be what the Cape hunters call the spoor or mark of an animal, though of what nature I really could not tell. Dismounting, however, a careful examination soon convinced me of its real character; and with a beating heart I remounted, and forcing my steed to a trot, descended the slope toward the wood.

My hunting propensities were aroused, and in a very few moments my expectations were realized, for among a lot of bushes, and quietly browsing on a camel-thorn tree, was a splendid giraffe. Away, like the wind, I darted, now urging my swift little zebra to her utmost speed, and succeeded in getting within fifty yards of the magnificent animal before she saw me.

Then, off she was at a great rate, crushing through bushes that were excessively annoying to my steed, which rather resented such rough treatment. Not wishing to lose my first giraffe, and forgetting in my excitement how little use she would prove, I fired my gun, and, as luck would have it, hitting her on the quarter, she went at once at a much less rapid pace. Still it was painful to follow, especially as I had to load as I galloped.

Hoping to take another mile or so out of the animal, I fired again, but without success; after which, having once more loaded, away my faithful zebra was started in pursuit. Having become fat and bloated with too much rest and grass, she was soon blown, so that my only hope was to overtake and confront the animal.

I was riding parallel to my prey, which bled from its wound, but looking at the camelpard, instead of before me, I was very nearly having a fall in a dried-up water course; but seeing it just in time, I managed to make the zebra carry me over, and fully aware that every thing now depended on the next few minutes, rode with all the skill I could, not sparing heel or thong.

My brave little zebra, now evidently excited by the chase, then beat her, and passed her. But the great and somewhat unwieldy giraffe would not be checked. Then she came headlong on; my steed firm, with her legs well out, very likely glad to be reined up and gain her breath. My gun was lowered. The giraffe came at me with a most vicious glance. I fired just as her head was over me, and the huge beast tossed her head back; the blood spirted from her nostrils, she turned, staggered, and sought once more to fly.

But I was determined not to let the poor brute escape, simply from those hunting instincts which belong to all of my nation. My gun was hastily loaded, my zebra urged slowly after her, and then once more a bullet, which penetrated the brain, settled the contest.

I had shot my first giraffe. I verily believe I was chiefly to convince myself that I had not committed a wanton murder, that I was soon engaged in the task of flaying the animal, and cutting off large steaks, as well as securing the marrow-bones, which would, I knew, make a most delicious soup. The meat required keeping, but to a hungry man every thing is welcome, so I managed to make a meal.

My zebra was completely done up. The chase had been a heavy one, and rest was absolutely necessary; so I was again obliged to prepare a camp, while doing which I fell upon some ostrich eggs, of which I eat one for a late supper. I often used to think of the quaint old traveler who said: "I have read in some old-fashioned books of fiction, entitled 'Natural History,' that an ostrich egg will feed six men; but I know that I could finish one before supper. But then I enjoyed the blessing of a good appetite."

Unless during illness, and under one or two circumstances which will be explained fully as I proceed, appetite was never that which was wanting; nor, through the blessing of Providence, the means of satisfying it. There were all the animals, trees, plants and streams of the island at my service, with none to interfere, or say me nay.

It was a sultry morning when I rose, and, as after breakfast, I made my way

through the camel-thorn trees, thorn bushes and stunted grass, I noticed a want of life in the landscape. The grass was quite withered, and the bushes stunted and sear. No birds could be seen or heard; and every feature looked quiet and dead under the most saddening of all lights, a blazing sun in an unclouded sky.

Then the scene changed like magic, and there were the distant hills of the coast of Africa, a sloping ground intersected with bushes and trees, and below, the shining, gorgeous sea, as blue as the hot, unclouded sky above.

I had thus reached the temporary end of my journey, for it was with a view to examine into the capacities of this channel for being traversed that I had traveled so far from home. I looked warily around, fearing every moment to find myself in the proximity of a village of Fan Indians, whom I was quite sure were periodically in the habit of visiting its tempting shores.

This had not so forcibly impressed itself on my mind as it should have done, but now I was near the place where their tents and huts had formerly been. I began to be very wary and cautious, dismounting from my steed, walking it, and peering into every bush and thicket as I advanced.

In this way I reached the shore and drew forth my most valuable of instruments—my telescope.

A large temporary town had been erected on the shores of the coast, huts had been placed in rather systematic order, while a large spear, that I could distinctly make out, marked the tent of a chief.

Now, what could all this indicate? Why had they come down to that desolate coast? Was it to deal in gold-dust, slaves and ivory with the iniquitous traders? or were they about to make a raid upon my island? In my nervous state of mind this latter idea prevailed, and, forgetting all else, I mounted and rode away toward the more deserted part of the island; nor did I stop until I had reached my cave, where I remained two whole days, collecting my thoughts, ere I ventured a hundred yards from home.

Then, reflection coming to my assistance, I hit upon several plans to avoid meeting with the negroes.

In the first place I determined to draw a line of demarcation between my own and that part of the island where elephants were found, as these were the prey they chiefly came in search of. This line I would not pass. I would trust to the lake keeping the secret of my bower; while my own part of the island, having no game to speak of at all, would present so little attraction for them as to run little risk of being visited, unless my presence was suspected.

Now this was not likely; but still, as one can not be too safe, it was my firm resolve to reserve my powder, and to depend on bows and arrows, traps and even on the boomerang—such as I made in the early times—rather than use my powder. This I now resolved to husband for two reasons: first, because it was my only hope in a contest with savages; and next, because it might be the means of attracting their particular and curious attention.

I was not without hope of making gunpowder; but then I had many other things to do, such as extending my plantation, improving and extending my gazelle valley—this was my favorite idea—and completing my fortifications, which might, in the long run, be my last hope.

To this latter task, I determined to devote my first energies; the preservation of our lives being the very first idea that presents itself to man.

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TO A WATER LILY.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Pale lily, with thy pensive grace,
Bending in beauty o'er the water's rippling face;
Shedding thy fragrance on the summer air,
Sweet sister of the white rose fair,
Within thy shady nook I love to dwell,
When vesper chime the day's farewell,
And pale stars gleam from evening's sky,
In diamonds bright upon the water rippling by;
And gentle night-birds, in the forest shade,
Wake mournful music in the wood and glade;
And Luna sheds her pale, soft, silvery light,
Upon the sleeping world, in colors bright.

The Spirit of the Forest;
OR,
CLIPPING A CURL.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"JUD FORSYTH, you are the rashest young man I ever heard tell of," said one of three men who were seated on the bank of a little wooded lake in Maine.

The person addressed was a handsome, beardless young hunter, who was counting the bullets in his pouch contained. The speaker was a middle-aged man, who, from his appearance, had seen hard service in the backwoods. He looked half-angrily upon his younger brother hunter, who did not reply until he had dropped the last ball back into the buckskin pouch, and muttered "twenty-seven."

"You may just talk as you please, Tom," he said. "I have determined to go, and the whole world could not alter my determination. One year ago I first heard about the Sprin, and I said that if I ever got in this country I would see and satisfy myself. I am here now, and I am about to leave you. I guess twenty-seven bullets will hold me out. Where will I meet you, one month from this day?"

"Not on this earth, Jud, not in this world," replied the middle-aged hunter. "I tell you that you will never leave your country alive. Mark my words, and think of them when you find yourself the Twitees' prisoner. All this is for a rash desire to see if there is a spirit in the woods around Mightiwicewantoc lake. I tell you, rash boy, that there are no such things as spirits."

"People differ on such matters, Tom, and I, for one, believe in spirits. But look! The sun kisses the waters, and it is time for me to be off to the spirit land."

The young man smiled, picked up his rifle, and rose to his feet. His companions followed his example, and they stood face to face. Tom Fuller's heart was very sad; he could not speak. He had long loved Judson Forsyth, as though he were his own son, and to see him depart alone upon his intended rash mission almost broke his old hunter's heart.

He tried to speak, but signally failed, and, at last, took the young hunter's hand. "Good-by, Tom," said Forsyth. "You have been a father to me, and I abominate the thought of leaving you now. But I am going. Tell me where I will meet you one month from now to-day—on the lake."

Poor, said Tom Fuller did not utter a word, and Forsyth addressed the third hunter.

"Where will I meet you, Bob?"

"At Mitchell's fort on the St. Lawrence, I reckon," was the reply, and a moment after wringing their hands, Judson Forsyth was gone.

The two remaining hunters returned to their little fire on the banks of the lake, gathered up their hunting accoutrements, and took their departure without having uttered a single word.

Tom, the elder, was greatly downcast and sad in spirit, and his companion did not attempt to disturb him.

At last they reached the edge of the forest that contained the little lake, and then Tom Fuller paused. He turned to his companion and pointed into the great wood.

"He is gone, gone forever!" he said, sadly. "We have seen him for the last time."

"We will see if you are a true prophet, Tom Fuller."

But, before we follow the young hunter, let us glance at the object of his journey.

About seventy miles northwest of Lake Mightiwicewantoc was a circular body of water, called Lake Mightiwicewantoc, or "Little Spirit Lake." This lake, and the forest surrounding it, old hunters declared to be haunted, and accordingly gave it a wide berth. They said, that, at the hour of midnight, a tiny canoe shot out from the shore of the lake, and after skimming over the moonlit waters a short time, would mysteriously disappear. This phantom canoe had one occupant, a female form, clad in white, whose hands seemed scarcely to touch the paddles.

Now, this is the story the hunters told, and it found many believers. But none were bold enough to attempt to solve the mystery, and at last the tale reached Judson Forsyth's ears. He believed in spirits, because, when a boy, his father told him that they actually visited this mundane sphere, and he resolved that, if ever the proper opportunity afforded itself, he would solve the mystery to his own satisfaction.

As we have seen, the opportunity came, and he was eager to carry his bold resolution into effect. He well knew that his companions could not be persuaded to accompany him, for they stood pledged to be at a certain trading-post upon a day which was at no great distance. Therefore, he was compelled to go alone.

It was nightfall when the young and fearless hunter entered the great haunted forest. He had traveled many a weary mile that seemingly endless day, and joyfully he welcomed night, and a spot where he could build a fire and go to sleep.

Morning found him again on the tramp, and when evening shadows were gathering among the gaunt pines, he found himself on the northern shore of the spirit lake.

The phantom shoots its canoe from yonder shore," he murmured, looking obliquely across the placid sheet of water. "I will remain here and await results."

He leaned against a tall pine, and, folding his strong arms, narrowly watched the point where the spirit canoe and its occupant always made their first appearance.

For near an hour he stood motionless, seeing nothing but tall trees and mellow water, and hearing no sound save the sighing of the leafless branches many feet above his head.

"It must be getting on toward the middle of the night," he muttered at last, seating himself at the foot of the tree. "And the phantom has not made its appearance. But

I'll not leave this spot till daylight, phantom or no phantom."

He put himself into a comfortable position, and watched on.

Perhaps two more hours had passed before any thing unusual occurred. All at once a startled bird flew from Spirit Point, and flapped its wings in the hunter's face.

"Now, look out for ghosts!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "No animal could have frightened that bird."

He had scarcely finished when a canoe shot into the lake from the spot whence the bird had flown. A nameless chill, which the hunter could not resist, crept over him, and a supernatural feeling took possession of his mind. But, with a great effort, he drove it thence, and narrowly watched the scene upon the water.

The canoe was just large enough to contain a single person, and its present occupant, who really seemed more spirit than flesh, sent it skimming over the smooth surface like an arrow. It was the form of a woman; but a watery moon afforded the hunter a poor view of the features. A long, white robe, the ends of which hung over the sides of the canoe, covered the spirit form, and two white feathers towered above the head. Long midnight tresses fell upon a white bosom, and presented, in the strange light, a vivid, wild and ghastly contrast.

Many a fantastic movement the canoe executed under the guidance of its strange occupant, which the hunter believed to be a spirit.

At last, and very suddenly, it disappeared near the opposite shore, and for some time Forsyth believed that his optics had deceived him. He looked again, but the canoe had really disappeared—where, he could not tell. Trying in vain to solve the mystery, his disappearance to his mental satisfaction, he hurried to the southern shore of the lake; but nothing rewarded his search—not a single trace of the canoe could be found.

"To-morrow night," said he to himself, as he walked from the lake, "I'll solve the mystery. I'll send a bullet after the occupant of the canoe, which will prove if she is a spirit or not."

Not a great distance from the lake, the hunter collected some dry branches of pine, and soon had a good fire, which relieved the semi gloom of the forest. There, before the fire, he threw himself, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

He knew that he was in the country of the warlike Twitees; but he did not fear disturbance while he slept. He did not

think of any thing save the phantom of the forest, which he had seen and marveled at.

It was broad day when Forsyth was suddenly awakened by a falling bough. The fire was not entirely extinguished—the end of one stick was still burning, and sent a volume of smoke curling toward the tops of the trees.

The young hunter had not yet gained his feet, when the sound of rapid footsteps startled him. He was up in an instant, and beheld a white-robed form darting through the forest with the swiftness of a frightened doe.

"The spirit!" he cried, recognizing the white robe. "The spirit of the lake!"

His trusty rifle had struck his shoulder, and the next instant the ball slid from the barrel.

A white hand grasped a tress of raven hair, and the white robe fell to the ground. The "spirit" paused, and then confronted the astonished hunter. Before he could collect his scattered senses, the white form was bounding toward him, and in one of the hands lay one of the long, black curls.

It took but another minute for them to meet, and Forsyth threw his gun at his feet, and started back against a circular knoll, in the center of which slept, perhaps, a great Twitee chief. And then his astonishment did not diminish when the curl was thrust into his hand, and he beheld its owner gaze shudderingly upon it with clasped hands.

The hunter knew that she was thinking of his almost fatal shot, and her truly hair-breadth escape. For some moments her gaze remained fixed upon the severed lock, when unable to restrain his curiosity longer, Forsyth ejaculated:

"Who are you?"

She raised her deep-blue eyes, and eyed him strangely.

"White Robe understands not the words of Curl Shooter," she said, at last, in the language of the Twitees.

Then the hunter, who was conversant with the language of the Indian tribes of Maine, put the interrogation in her own language and received a reply.

"White Robe is the child of Tall Pine, the Twitee," said the girl.

"Is Tall Pine a full-blooded Twitee?" asked the hunter, wondering how one so white could be the child of a red-man.

"No other blood than Twitee runs in Tall Pine's veins," answered the girl.

Then Forsyth questioned her as closely as he dare. She was unquestionably a white; but she maintained, for a long time, that she was the legitimate daughter of the Twitee chief. At last the hunter convinced her that

such could not be the case. He compared her skin to that of the Indians, and she then believed that she had been stolen, probably from one of the settlements on the St. Lawrence, when she was a babe.

With the discovery of her true descent came a desire to leave the Twitees, and live once more among her own people.

Together they fled, and after many thrilling adventures, succeeded in reaching Mitchell's fort, on the boundary river. Tom Fuller was the first to grasp Forsyth's hand.

"For once, boy, I've turned out a false prophet," he cried. "And I thank the good Lord that I have. You'll marry the spirit, won't you, Jud?"

"Nonsense, Tom," cried the hunter. "I'll do no such thing. I shall never marry."

"Jud Forsyth, you lie!" cried the old hunter. "I see it in your eye."

Whether Tom saw the falsehood in Forsyth's eye or not, he was correct, for the young hunter subsequently wedded, as he persisted in calling his love, the Spirit of the Forest, who, having no surname to change, became *Curlie* Forsyth. And the great forest was haunted no more.

A Good Love Story.—The divine passion will have a startling exposition in a tale of to-day, soon to be commenced in our columns, from the pen of a powerful and highly popular writer. Since the days of "Fashion and Famine," nothing has been given more real and impressive as a photograph of heart and passion life. It is one of the good things we have reserved for our guests.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Rube and the Mad "Cat."

"Come now, Rube, you promised us the story about the half-breed and his cat, and now is the very time for it," I said, coaxingly, while the old ranger was cutting up his "nigger-head" into small bits, preparatory to filling his pipe.

"Did I promise the story? Well, if I did I'll tell it, but I'll swear I'd rather take a dose of the nastiest kind o' medicine, for it makes my old bones shake to think o' that cussed cat as the half-breed set onto me."

"That war five of us trappin' in shares, that winter, an' one of the party war a half-breed—Canadian, Frenchman, Injun, an' I ain't sartin but that war some nigger, all mixed up, an' a nice mess it made! But, to

"Of course I knowed whose devilry that war, but, I kept quiet, an' lay fur the villain fur a week or two, but he war too smart fur me, an' got clear. When we first located in that place we had knocked up a tolerably good-sized ranch, big enough for all hands, but, arter awhile I felt sort o' cramped up like, too thick, you know, so I went to work an' built me a little shanty fur myself, an' I slept nights, leavin' my things, ride an' all, in the big house, as thar warn't room in the little one."

"Well, one night, about a month arter the half-breed had tried to rub me out down by the river, I war wakened up by the sound of a heavy storm ragin' an' t'arin' outside, an' fur a long time I lay listenin' to the thunder, an' wonderin' if the river would rise enough before mornin' to carry the traps off."

"I must a fell asleep ag'in, fur the next thing I remembered war a kin of scratchin' an' growlin' inside of the shanty; but it stopped all at onc't, an' I turned over, an' didn't wake ag'in till it war broad daylight. But when I did open my peepers, they fell upon a object that jess made my hair stand on end."

Seated, or rather crouchin', on the floor, between me an' the door, war the biggest mountain cat that ever I seen in twenty year's trappin'. The beast had been starved nigh to death, fur I could a counted every rib an' bone in its body, but thar war suthin' else that made my heart jump into my throat till I thought I would choke."

"The wild, glazin' eyes, an' the hard pantin' together with a thick, bloody foam, that war gathered about the creeter's mouth, showed as plain as daylight, that it war stark, starin' mad, an' I knew if it onc't got his teeth an' claws into my flesh, if it war only my leetle finger, I war a gone coon an' no mistake."

"I tell you, lads, I thought fast, an' a heap of it. I see if I made a motion that the varmint would spring, besides which thar warn't no use a-movin', fur I hadn't a single weepin' in the shanty. No, not even my knife, fur it was in my belt long with my rifle an' things in t'other place. Thar war one thing that attracted my attention, an' that war, I saw on the creeter's hind leg a deep cut, all jagged an' torn, as if the teeth of a trap had been thar, an' with that I remembered Pierre, the half-breed, an' his threats."

"How long I sot thar I don't know; it must a been more'n a hour, but I kept my eye fixed on the beast, never even blinkin',

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

'Tis held by some that when men die
They do not straightaway take to wings,
Through upper air to softly fly,
But turn to animals and things.

I don't take it upon myself
To say that this is really so,
But some peculiar traits in life
That it is true, would go to show.

I think the men who all their lives
Go on their noise will turn to frogs;
And it relieves much to think
That some I know have turned to—bacon.

And it consoles me to believe
That he who his own worth declares,
And backs his views against the world's,
Will be presented with the ears.

The man who feels so very large,
Will turn into an elephant;
The man who's always feeling small,
Of course will be a little ant.

And so on down through all the line,
Each to his own; so, friend, refrain
From throwing angry rocks at dogs,
For you might give your neighbors pain.

Beat Time's Notes.

PEOPLE make fun at me for my laziness, but I feel no shame about it, because I came by it honestly. I was street commissioner two years.

DRYDEN's celebrated line, modernized, reads: "The conscious nose beheld the wine and blushed." A decided improvement on the old rendering of *rose*.

I don't go many on the man that resolves to commence to quit chewing tobacco—writes the resolution on the back of the house with chalk, so that it will rub off—puts all his tobacco in a chest—locks it securely—throws the key in the well, and then cuts a hole in the chest large enough to get his hand in when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary. I say I don't go many on him.

We should be self-reliant, whether we have five cents or only a dried herring in our pocket.

A NOVELIST speaks of his heroine's alabaster neck (ah, how easily broken!), her marble brow (how suitable for time to do a little engraving upon!), her auburn tresses (how indicative of love's pure flame!), her eyes that scintillate (a perfect piece of masonry!); says she is a dear duck, and has a throat like a swan—a duck with a swan's throat!—but he fails to say any thing of the duck's feet.

I don't know that I am different from anybody else. I believe I suffer more from cold in winter than in the summer; am subject to the loss of appetite after dinner; never put a looking-glass by my bed to see myself go to sleep; feel better when I am well than at any other time; drink whenever I get almost thirsty; and wake up the first thing I do in the morning. I think a good many other people do the same.

Two ladies have their heads terribly stuck up—with hair-pins.

A POET sends me a poem, with the request that I scratch out the worst parts and have the balance printed. I scratched out the worst parts, but unfortunately there was nothing left to print.

A TIPSY fellow posted this warning to flies on his nose before he went to sleep: Five dollars fine for walking or driving faster than a trot over this bridge.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW, like a good many other things, will exist, although they are not an inevitable necessity.

A few hints for the entire subjugation of a mother-in-law I submit for the benefit of an anxious inquirer.

At first she will object to your coming to see her daughter.

At the second visit she will begin to occupy the parlor with the three little ill-mannered children, and utterly prevent any thing like a quiet talk with the bewitching daughter.

Of course you must show her all respect and nurse the children, not by turns, but all at once, and laugh heartily at any little thrusts they may make at you, and which they have been put up to do during the day by their mother.

While they pull your hair and repeat to you entertaining personal reminiscences of yourself taught them by the old lady, and which you had no idea were out, take it all good-humoredly.

If you had better talk lively, for you will find that no lack of conversation will send her out of the room.

The fact is, you must pay two courts to the old lady to one to the daughter.

Don't show any irritation, when you leave, because you are prevented from shaking hands or rubbing noses with the young lady in view, for this will last about six months, and you must get used to it.

Then you will be obliged to propose to the old lady for the daughter's hand, to which you will get not a very polite refusal, especially if much company is expected soon, and house-cleaning is to do.

As the day has been set between you, you argue the matter with the old lady, and lose some of your hair.

Old gentlemen, not averse, finally gets old lady to consent to an ill-regulated marriage twelve months later than you have agreed upon between yourselves, and that with the emphatic understanding that the young lady shall have no clothes.

Finally, when the wedding takes place, you find the old lady very refrigerating. In fact, much so.

Twelve months after, she comes and takes entire charge of baby, boards with you, finds fault with the manner in which you provide, dictates what the wife ought to wear, and the best night to go to the opera, takes charge of the lecture department, reviews the way in which you treat your little family, and after the old gentleman is made an angel of, brings the balance of the family, and settles under the same roof, for the purpose of being near her daughter, and the first one at your table; and your happiness will begin the very moment that an overruling providence, in the guise of a tough piece of beefsteak, has occasion to stop in her thorax, while half-way on the road to the eternal oblivion of wasted rituals.

BEAT TIME.

P. S.—Since I have come to think, I can give no hints on the subjugation and management of mothers-in-law.

B. T.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.